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The Herald.

VOL. XXXV.

1891.

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A Happy New Year to You All!

This space will be occupied during the
year 1891 by the

New Furniture House

On the

South East Side of Public Square.

PARK STATION.

As a Settlement Before the War '12,

and Who Some of the People Are.

On the Duck River Valley railway,

and over two miles from Columbia,

is a place called Park Station, and

it is, having a big extent of country

to support it; customers and traders

coming from all the hills and valleys

for miles.

Samuel Park came to the vicinity

when the country was a waste of

before 1812. His son J. S. Park is

now seventy-eight years of age, and

there are not many old men like him

as to vigorous capacity. He was

born here and his son, G. W. Park, is

the prime mover of the region's pro-

perty, as he is a manufacturer in

saw and shingle milling, also mer-

chant, farmer and stock-raiser. Fur-

ther he is officially postmaster, rail-

way agent and express agent. The

firm is G. W. Park & Son, and a great

deal of the business devolves upon

the junior partner Erastus J. Park,

who gives the mercantile department

and others, energetic attention, and

he is a young gentleman of excep-

tional ability.

The Park farms encompass not far

from 250 acres, and are beautifully

situated and traversed by Silver

Creek, Fountain Creek and three

splendid springs. The mercantile

house carries an excellent stock,

and is selling extensively on the cash

basis, which was adopted on the 15th

of December.

The Park Mills have twenty horse

power and cannot get cars enough to

supply orders for logs, lumber and

shingles. Park Station is one of the

best shipping points on the Duck

River branch, and has the people to

make it grow and develop the coun-

H. H. CANE.

A Maury County, Tenn., Valley Vil-

lage. The name of the place is

Hurricane, and it is a very

pleasant place, and it is a very

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A ONE SIDED PARLEY

TAKE, stay, old
gray beard,
Father Time!
Give me a
moment, pri-
or to my
I've sung thee
in tripping
dances with
thee.
Now I would
part with thee
with a sigh.

Put down your crooked spine and glass,
To rest you here a minute.
A New Year soon will come and pass,
With you and I both in it.

I hope to "scape oblivion's snare";
You will, I'm pretty certain.
These universal truths
The universal curfew.

We're chums, you see, don't look so stern,
Both suffer with death's cancer,
And these few things that I would learn,
If you're polite, you'll answer.

What brings you with this New Year,
This annual to-morrow?
Nay, nay, speak out, I'll shed no tear
Though it be death and sorrow.

Don't bring me wealth? I am not mean,
And yet I must confess it.
For somewhat more than I have seen
I'd like your hand and bliss it.

Or is it love? Ah, that's a faith
Which kindness beyond measure,
Though she be but a little maid,
Her smile gives all my pleasure.

Or love, perhaps? Life is such a wee
When hearts are sad and lonely.
But my last love of long ago,
Oh, bring me her, her only!

Nay, then art deaf? Then get thee off!
Or let me the good heart stronger.
Come joy or grief, at thee I scoff,
And I may live the longer!

GEORGE HOBBS.

ZEB'S NEW YEAR'S CALL.

ANT to learn
in a lesson, did
you say?

"Yess, an' in a
way that'll
keep'n' me
feller out of
the kentry."

The latter
speaker then
cracked his
long snaky
whip as he
spoke, and the
brunche upon
which he was
mounted quickly
sprang forward.

"Th' gang'll be ready, I s'pose," half
shrieked the other, as he turned about
while the two ponies looped lightly over
the prairie. "In course th' thing hez
got to be put a stop to."

An' Zeb's bein' sick, too, makes it
worse. That he is at Mangel's cabin on
his back while all th' feller's are busy
seizin' on their cattle an' things, he
s'poses his claim is all right, especially
at this time of year, right in dead win-
ter an' a blizzard, like the one we've
any minute. But all to once he looks
over 'cross th' prairie an' what he sees
but smoke comin' from th' chimney
of his cabin. Some poky claim-jumper
thinks he's got a bonanza; but don't
yer ferget that they'll be some mighty
interestin' fun in th' neighborhood
of th' cabin to-morrow."

It was an intensely cold, still and
painfully clear winter's morning when,
according to programme, the knot of
cattle gathered at Mangel's for their
proposed expedition.

"Git on, feller," called the leader,
and all swung into their saddles. He
they did so a pale figure rode from the
stable.

"Why, Zeb, you're not going!" ex-
claimed Mangel. "You ain't well
enough."

"Yes, I am," replied that individual.
"It's my funeral, an' I'm goin' to hev'
part in it."

"You know what day it is, boys?"
suddenly asked Mangel.

"Saturday," responded some one.
"No, not that; but of th' year. It's
New Year's."

"Ah! then this ere's a New Year's
sore how wrong an' unkind it is to be
here!" said Zeb. "He always licks me."
-Mangel's Weekly.

The Silly Girls.

"Girls are no good anyway," said lit-
tle Johnny; "they ain't got no sense."

"How's that?" asked Mangel.

"Because," was the reasonable reply,
"as soon as their stockings get big
enough to hold a lot of things they stop
hazn'ing their heads."

A Christmas Echo.

Judge to prisoner:—You were seen by
the officer, sir, dodging about the back
streets and evidently trying to
avoid meeting any one. You were there-
fore arrested by said officer on the
charge of being a suspicious character.
But, be that as it may, as you appear to
be a respectable person, I will discharge
you from the custody of the court if you
can give a satisfactory reason for your
suspicious conduct when arrested.

Prisoner (brokenly):—I—I was wear-
ing, your honor, for the first time in
months, a Christmas-present—from
my wife, and I was afraid to meet
any.

Judge (promptly and decisively, but
visibly affected):—The prisoner has
sincere sympathy of the court and is
honorably discharged. —Life.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

Symptoms:—Mucous discharge, itching
and stinging; most at night; worse by
scratching. If allowed to continue un-
checked, it will often bleed and ulcer-
ate, becoming very sore. Swayne's
Ointment stops the itching and bleed-
ing, heals ulceration, and in most cases
removes the tumors. All druggists, or
by mail, for 25 cents. Dr. Swayne &
Son, Philadelphia.

to see the object in question which he
held in his hand. It was a court
newspaper published at an interior Ken-
tucky town, and he was pointing to an
address label on the margin. It read:

"Hamilton, Mary E.—Jan. 1.
"The camper must be left here,"
Zeb muttered as if speaking to himself.
"I thought she was dead years ago, an'
this is only two months old. Boys," he
exclaimed, with a sudden burst of en-
ergy, "we must catch that camper."

"No, Zeb, we can't now; the storm's
gittin' too bad," replied Mangel. The
frame of the little cabin shaking in the
wind seemed to emphasize his state-
ment.

"I say we must!" was Zeb's response.
"She may be along—who knows?" He
strode through the door and vanished in
the sleet clouds without.

"He mustn't go like that, him sick as
an' all," spoke a stoop-shouldered Ver-
monter known as McNash.

"Kerrect, but I'll perish in this
blizzard if we follow him. I don't know
ez we kin git home anyhow," replied
Mangel. "Yit we'll try," he concluded,
leading the way to the bunch of ponies
outside.

Zeb was a spoke on the south-bound
wagon trail, and they moved with the
wind toward him.

"All th' wagin's goes this way," he
thundered above the noise of the storm
when they had parted and galloped on.
Zeb led them. He seemed to have
an unerring instinct that was taking
him to the object of his search.

And it was a true one, for as they
dashed down a slope into one of those
"draws," or ravines, that cross the roll-
ing prairies in every direction they
came on a travel-stained prairie
schooner, or covered wagon, seeking
shelter behind a struggling group of
sunflowers, while a team was shivering
just beyond.

Zeb leaped from his pausing calouze
and threw back the curtains that closed
the end of the wagon's covering.

For an instant his eyes were unable
to pierce the semi-darkness and then he
saw the ill-defined figures of an elderly
man and a woman.

Half dazed, they sat up.
"Mary!" called Zeb, feeling rather
than seeing that his heart's wish was
realized.

Her answer was not distinguishable
but in a moment the rescuer was inside
the wagon, chafing her numbed hands,
while the others were doing a like ser-
vice for the father.

"We must git back to th' cabin, boys,"
said Zeb. "We'll freeze here. They're
half froze, now."

"All of us can't stay thar," spoke up
the Vermonter. "Mangel kin help us,
an' th' rest of us'll slope for our shan-
ties."

This was agreed to, and before the
ponies and their riders were entirely
out of sight over the bluff, Zeb was driv-
ing the team of the campers at a rattling
pace toward his claim.

It was two days before Mangel could
return home, but life was not unpleas-
ant in the cabin with the campers' stores
for rationals. And then, as Zeb's hap-
piness was something.

"Just to think, Zeb," said Mary, as
they were bidding Mangel good-by,
"that for ten years I had thought you
as good as dead and you were certain
that I was—and to find me and father
on the way to brother Tom's as you did
it!"

"Only I ain't quite so pretty ez I used
to be," put in Zeb.

"While I am an old maid of—well, I
won't tell how many years," laughed

JENNIE'S LOVERS.
A Somewhat Original New Year's
Novellette.

Introductory Note.—The author desires to
call the attention of the reading public to the
following New Year's novellette, and to pre-
sent them for the surprise that await them in case
they should decide to read.

HERE is, for in-
stance, one
character fami-
liar to the read-
ers of Christmas
and New Year's
novels, who is
completing in
my novellette by
his complete ab-
sence. I refer to
the aged
tramp who has
seen better
days, and who
is invariably se-
lects this sea-
son of the year,
to go out in the
snow and die of a
hemorrhage, listen-
ing to the chimes,
etc. The poor, old man has been thus
utilized ever since. I can remember
and I have assumed the responsibility
of commuting his sentence, so to speak.

There is another individual who will
be allowed to figure in my novel-
lette. I refer to the missing prodigal
son who turns up on New Year's eve
while his mother is wondering where he
is. He has reformed and has come
home to see how the family is fixed for
veal. This year, if I can prevent it,
he will be strictly original, even at the risk of hav-
ing my article returned.

It is usual for many great literary
writers to assure the public that the
story is a true one. Here, too, I pro-
pose to deviate. My story is a lie out
of the whole cloth. Nothing like it ever
has, or ever can occur.

I intend to be
strictly original, even at the risk of hav-
ing my article returned.

I had loved Jennie Finklebaugh
from my earliest infancy. We went to
the same school in a New England vil-
lage, and passion increased so rapidly
that when I had reached the age of
eleven I made up my mind to propose
on the first opportunity. She was one
of a numerous family of children, but
she was the only one I cared for. The
opportunity to propose occurred on New
Year's eve.

"We must git back to th' cabin, boys,"
said Zeb. "We'll freeze here. They're
half froze, now."

"All of us can't stay thar," spoke up
the Vermonter. "Mangel kin help us,
an' th' rest of us'll slope for our shan-
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"Just to think, Zeb," said Mary, as
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"that for ten years I had thought you
as good as dead and you were certain
that I was—and to find me and father
on the way to brother Tom's as you did
it!"

"Only I ain't quite so pretty ez I used
to be," put in Zeb.

"While I am an old maid of—well, I
won't tell how many years," laughed

NOTE.—I desire to call the attention of
the reader who has waded through the
foregoing to the fact that I have kept
my promise of writing a story out of
the usual line. Variety is the spice of
life.

ALEX. R. SWARTZ.
Author of "Jennie's Lovers," etc.

Wanted to Please.

"What would you like to have for
Christmas?" asked De Brate of his wife.
"I haven't made up my mind yet."

"A sealskin saccie?"

"Oh, yes?"

"Or a pair of diamond earrings?"

"That would be lovely!"

"Or a silk dress?"

"I need a new dress very much."

"Or a nice pair of new shoes?"

"The old ones are getting rather
shabby."

"Well, let it be a pair of shoes, then.
I wanted you to be pleased, though."

Merchant Traveler.

In Hot Water.

Righty—Why so glum, old boy?

Righty—We had a Christmas-tree at
our house last night, and by mistake
when I was giving out the presents I
gave a nice diamond pin, that my wife
wasn't used to, to my cousin who is a
namesake of mine.

Righty—Why don't you explain it to
him?

Righty—I can't; he sailed for Europe
this afternoon before I had a chance,
and my wife has been nagging me ever
since.—Judge.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply apply Swayne's Ointment.
No internal medicine required. Cures
eczema, eczema, itch, all eruptions on
the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the
skin clear, white and healthy. Its
use is recommended by all the best
physicians, and no other remedy. Ask
your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.
April-24.

A Song of Christmas.

Sing a song of Christmas,
Singing full of love,
Just the thing to please us
Little girls and boys.

Now they all are emptied;
Lots for me and you.
Great a getting thing
For Santa Claus to do.—Judge.

After Church on Christmas Day.

The Rector:—You seem unusually hap-
py this morning, Miss Alice—the joys of
Christmas, I presume?

Miss Alice:—Yes, the joys of Christmas.
I received twenty more presents than I
gave. Isn't that enough to make me
feel gay?—Harper's Magazine.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Cullen, Plainfield, Ill.,
makes the statement that she caught
old, which settled on her lungs; she
was treated for a month by her fam-
ily physician, but grew worse. He
told her she was a hopeless victim of
consumption and that no medicine
could cure her. Her druggist suggest-
ed Dr. King's New Discovery for Con-
sumption; and, taking a bottle, and to
her delight found herself benefited
from first dose. She continued its use
and after taking that ten bottles of
herself sound and well, now does her
own housework and is as well as she
ever was. Free trial bottles of this
Great Discovery at W. P. Weldridge
& Co.'s drug store; large bottles 50c.
and \$1. —maio 10

Idea of throwing himself under the lo-
comotive as too uncertain. He was go-
ing to adopt a mode of death which,
while more painful, would be absolutely
sure. He was going to eat a kind-dried
railroad lunch counter sandwich.

Just as he was reaching out for the
fatal sandwich I grasped his suicidal
arm and led him away where I gave him
my card and told him that I had come
to save him and Jennie from a fate
worse than death.

Bill was surprised, but he consented
to adopt a mode of death which, while
more painful, would be absolutely
sure. He was going to eat a kind-dried
railroad lunch counter sandwich.

Just as he was reaching out for the
fatal sandwich I grasped his suicidal
arm and led him away where I gave him
my card and told him that I had come
to save him and Jennie from a fate
worse than death.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "he
is starving to death for a sealskin saccie.
It's all my fault, for she is an angel of
goodness. Never a harsh word from
her lips. Let me go and eat the fatal
sandwich."

"Bill," said "they are not healthy
when indulged in to excess. I'm your
friend, and I've got the money to help
you and Jennie. Here is \$200 for a
sealskin saccie or Jennie. Here is

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